

Pal. H'es a villaine then.

Per. These are men.

Arcite. No, never Duke: Tis worse to me than begging
To take my life so basely, though I thinke
I never shall enjoy her, yet ile preserve
The honour of affection, and dye for her,
Make death a Devill.

Thes. What may be done? for now I feele compassion.

Per. Let it not fall agen Sir.

Thes. Say *Emilia*

If one of them were dead, as one must, are you
Content to take th'other to your husband?
They cannot both enjoy you; They are Princes
As goodly as your owne eyes, and as noble
As ever fame yet spoke of; looke upon'em,
And if you can love, end this difference,
I give consent, are you content too Princes?

Both. With all our soules.

Thes. He that she refuses
Must dye then.

Both. Any death thou canst invent Duke.

Pal. If I fall from that mouth, I fall with favour,
And Lovers yet unborne shall blesse my ashes.

Arc. If she refuse me, yet my grave will wed me,
And Souldiers sing my Epitaph.

Thes. Make choice then.

Emil. I cannot Sir, they are both too excellent
For me, a hayre shall never fall of these men.

Hip. What will become of 'em?

Thes. Thus I ordaine it,
And by mine honor, once againe it stands,
Or both shall dye. You shall both to your Countrey,
And each within this moneth accompanied
With three faire Knights, appeare againe in this place,
In which Ile plant a Pyramid; and whether
Before us that are here, can force his Cosen
By fayre and knightly strength to touch the Pillar,
He shall enjoy her: the other loose his head,

And

And all his friends; Nor shall he grudge to fall,
Nor thinke he dies with interest in this Lady:
Will this content yee?

Pal. Yes: here Cosen *Arcite*

I am friends againe, till that howre.

Arc. I embrace ye.

Thes. Are you content Sister?

Emil. Yes, I must Sir,

Els both miscarry.

Thes. Come shake hands againe then,
And take heede, as you are Gentlemen, this Quarrell
Sleepe till the howre prefixt, and hold your course.

Pal. We dare not faile thee *Thesens*.

Thes. Come, Ile give ye

Now usage like to Princes, and to Friends:
When ye returne, who wins, Ile settle heere,
Who looses, yet Ile weepe upon his Beere.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus.

Scena I. Enter *Tailor*, and his friend.

Tailor. Heare you no more, was nothing saide of me
Concerning the escape of *Palamon*?
Good Sir remember.

Fr. Nothing that I heard,
For I came home before the busines
Was fully ended: Yet I might perceive
Ere I departed, a great likelihood
Of both their pardons: For *Hipolita*,
And faire-eyd *Emilie*, upon their knees
Begd with such hansom pittie, that the Duke
Methought stood staggering, whether he should follow
His rash o'th, or the sweet compassion
Of those two Ladies; and to second them,
That truely noble Prince *Perithous*
Halfe his owne heart, set in too, that I hope
All shall be well: Neither heard I one question

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